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Selected Poetry.

The following lines were written some years ago by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary. How many such victims has the Tempter ruined "with his baneful cup!"

TO MY MOTHER.

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home,
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam;
And time since then has roll'd its years
And marked them on my brow,
Yet I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When at thy tender side
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright fancy honors wove
To deck the darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust were there.
Fond memory brings thy parting words,
While tears stole down thy cheek;
Thy long, last, loving look told more
Than words could ever speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are now all torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came—
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest,
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed:
I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame,
But soothe me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter with his baneful cup
Has dashed them all away,
To rack with anguish wild—
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

Oh! I have wandered far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea!
Oh! mother, still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And while I wipe the tears away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

ALPHA.

Selected Sketch.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Moses Atterly and his only daughter Bessie, sit alone in their plain, uncurtained and uncarpeted home. He is an honest farmer, she a bright and handsome girl, full of gentleness and love. It is a cold evening, and as he piles the wood on the great stone hearth, saying: 'There'll be a bitin' black frost to night.'

Bessie has prepared supper, and suddenly looking up inquires of her father, if he has vitited the post office. He replies that he has not, but Jim Grayling went, and would bring their mail, and be along very soon. A shadow passed over Bessie's face as she said:

"I am very sorry, father, I detest the sight of that man."

"My dear daughter!" remonstrated Moses Atterly, "that ain't according to either sense or gospel."

"Well, I can't help it, father," coaxed Bessie, stealing her soft, dimpled hand into the rough palm that lay on Moses Atterly's knee. "Somehow, he always seems to me like——"

She stopped suddenly—so suddenly that the late rose fell from her hair and lay on the stone hearth—for as she turned her head, she saw James Grayling standing beside them, unfolding a coarse white and red commfort from about his neck. He stooped without saying a word, and picked up the rose for her.

"Why, Jim," said farmer Atterly, "Where on airth did you drop from? I didn't hear you come in."

"Didn't you? I am sure I knocked loud enough," said Grayling, with a deep red flush fading from his cheek. "Pretty well to-night, Bessie?"

"I am quite well," pouted Bessie, without looking at him, and tossing her recovered rose in among the glowing cinders. Somehow or other it had lost its charms after having lain in James Grayling's hand a second.

"Sit down, Jim," said the farmer.—"Any mail for us to night?"

"Nothing."

What a strange smile passed over his face, as he saw the sudden downward droop of Bessie Atterly's eyelashes—the quiver around her mouth.

"Nothin'! Thats queer. You see, Bessie's feelin' kind o' worried, cause she don't hear nothing from Harry Ives."

James Grayling paused, a little maliciously, to notice the sparkle in Bessie's eyes, as she leaned forward with reddening cheek and intense look.

"What does he say?" she gasped, as Grayling spoke something to her father, in a whisper.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll feel badly about it; but a friend has written him a letter, in which he says Harry Ives was captured, with half a dozen others, by a skirmishing party, a week before he wrote."

"Captured."

"Yes, and that isn't all. They said that they did'nt half believe Harry Ives cared whether he was carried down South or not, for he had taken a great notion to some pretty girl down in Virginia—a planter's daughter, I believe, and—"

"I don't believe it, James Grayling," said Bessie, springing to her feet with flashing eyes and passion crimsoned forehead; "I don't believe a word of it. You are repeating a vile slander."

"I knew you'd feel bad," said Grayling with provoking mildness; "but I thought you ought to know how matters stood. I can show you my friend Sam's letter, if that will be any more satisfactory. I never had much faith in Harry Ives—a careless, dashing fellow, who—"

"Hush! I will not listen to another sentece!" ejaculated Bessie, angrily and with a certain strange dignity in her girl face and slender form.

"Mr. Atterly," said Grayling with moderation and calmness, "how long is it since your daughter received a letter from Harry Ives?"

"Well, it's a considerable spell," said the farmer; "but letters do take time to reach us, you know."

"Yes particularly when they are not written," sneered Grayling.

"Father, don't listen to him," cried Bessie, passionately. "If the whole world were to tell me that Harry Ives was untrue, I wouldn't believe it."

And Bessie fainted away, with her chestnut braids of hair drooping over her father's knee.

Poor child! could she have foreseen the weary months of watting for the letter that never came from the far off Southern hills, the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," that was in store for her, she might have been sorry that she had not died then and there, holding fast to the faith in Harry Ives' fidelity.

James Grayling—a patient, crafty man—bided his time. It came at last, when the tender green of the hill-sides shrivelled and grew brown under the starry, silent frost of the bitter December nights, and the keen winds rushed with tremendous swell through the lonely pine forests in those wild solitudes.

"Daughter, it is the dearest wish of my heart," said farmer Atterly, solemnly, as he sat with Bessie in the old silent room; "I'm gettin' well on in years, and if I could see you married to some good and true man before I am taken away, I should rest much easier in my grave. James Grayling has been almost a son to me, these long months of trial and trouble. He is coming for his final answer to-night. Let it be 'Yes.'"

Bessie shuddered. That year of sick, wistful grief had changed her into a pale, fragile woman, with large frightened eyes, ever roaming from side to side, as if seeking something which never came.

"Wait, father," she murmured, eagerly as if pleading for life itself; "wait a little longer—only a little longer!"

"I *have* waited, Bessie. It is a year and over since Harry Ives has either sent you word or message. He may be dead—better dead than a scoundrel—but James Grayling has been as true as steel to me all this time. He deserves you Bessie, and, when you're once married you'll learn to love him. Shall we say a month from to-day for your wedding, daughter?"

That night Bessie laid her cold hand in James Grayling's eager palm, and said "Yes," dreamily, to whatever he proposed. What had life left for her? As well be Mr. Grayling's wife as anything else, since God willed that she should live and suffer on, and the dreary path of years lay spread out before her listless feet.

The old smoke-stained walls were wreathed with feathery garlands of cedar and pine, with the scarlet berries of the mountain ash glowing here and there; the great fire roared up the chimney with festive sound, and all the neighbors were gathered together at farmer Atterly's hearthstone—for pretty Bessie was to be married that night.

"She don't look like a bride ought to, somehow," whispered Mrs. Deacon Jennings to her companion, Mahala Bird. "She seems to me just like one of those snow wreaths down in the hollow yonder."

"May be it's that white dress," said Mahala; "but she *does* look like a corpse—land o' Goshen! what am I saying'? It ain't considered good luck to talk about corpses on'a weddin' night."

For the pretty bridesmaids had just led Bessie in, robed in pure sheeny silk with snowy geraniums in her hair and not a vestige of color in her cheeks.

"There, don't she look sweet?" said Susas Jennings. Is it time to go into the parlor yet?"

"Massy no, my child!" said Mrs. Jennings; "not for an hour. Jim Grayling hasn't come yet."

So Bessie sat down amid the assembled maids and matrons, and played with the white flowers in her boquet, thinking—who knows of what? Perhaps a lonely grave under the Southern stars; perhaps the fair face of the woman who had wiled her lover's heart away.

Somebody spoke to her; she looked up, and all of a sudden her frightened eyes traced a figure beyond the door [illegible] hurriedly passing through the crowd.

"Where is she? I will see Bessie wedding or no wedding! Who has a better right than I?"

The next moment the pale, white robed bride lay, like a fair still statue in Harry Ives' arms.

"Stand off!" he cried, fiercely; "let no man come between me and the woman I love. I have earned her to be my wife—earned by long months of pain and suffering — earned her by wounds received upon the battle-fields of the country she loves. Do you say she is to be married to James Grayling? What has he done with the letters I sent to his care—with all the messages I entrusted to him? She had better be in her grave than be married to Grayling. Mr. Atterly, you are a just and true man—judge between me and the treacherous fox I fancied was my friend."

"Harry! Harry!" faltered the old man; "I never dreamed of this. Tell us all about it, my boy, for my old head swims."

And Harry Ives, still holding Bessie to his true heart revealed the story of his own truth, and James Grayling's villainous duplicity. When he had finished the impassioned recital Moses Atterly clasped the brown, strong hand between his own horny palms, and said, solemnly:

"My boy, I ask your pardon for every doubt that ever crossed my mind, and I thank the merciful Providence that has spared Bessie from being Jim Grayling's wife. We were calculating to have a wedding here to-night, and it isn't too late yet if Harry has no objection to being married in his soldiers clothes?"

"Father!" interposed Bessie, now as rosy as a whole bouquet of blooming carnations blended into one; but Harry took her hand in his, whispering:

"Love I shall not feel secure until I can call you *wife!*" and the remonstrance died away upon her lips.

"Are you ready for the ceremony, Elder Wilkins?" said Moses "'cause I believe the young couple is."

Ah! she looked like a bride now, with the hazel light burning in soft fires under her long curled lashes, and the carmine dies coming and going upon her cheek, like a proud and blushing virgin.

The ceremony was scarcely over before the silvery chime of sleigh-bells sounded at the door, and James Grayling's voice was heard exclaiming:

"I'm afraid that I'm a little late; but the horse sprained one of his legs and I had to get him changed at Esq. Warenton's. However—"

"Yes, Jim Grayling, you are a little late," said Moses Atterly, taking an unusually prodigious pinch of snuff; "for my daughter's married already."

"Married!" ejaculated James Grayling, as if more than half uncertain whether his intended father-in-law was not a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum.

"Yes—to Harry Ives."

As Grayling's bewildered eye caught sight, in the brilliantly lighted room beyond, of the young soldier, bending his head to listen to some whispered word from Bessie, he turned a dead yellow and a chill dew broke out around his mouth.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means, Jim Grayling, that you are a scroundrel," said the old man, with sudden fire flashing in his eyes. "There's the open door, leave the house before Harry Ives sets eyes on you; for he's a spirited lad and much mischief might come of it. And now, hark ye, never let me see your villainous face again."

Silently, and like a wounded snake James Grayling crept out into the chill darkness of the tempestuous night a detected, disappointed man. And so effectually did he take Moses Atterly's advice, that the quiet village in the hollow knew his presence no more.

And Bessie Ives, the happiest little wife in the whole world, sings softly over her work, counting the days until, "when this cruel war is over," she shall welcome her soldier husband back to the grand old pine forest of Maine once more.

Miscellaneous.

Roman Festivals.

Before the party sat down to a feast, lots were drawn with dice for a king, whose reign and authority ceased with the festive occasion. The number of healths drank was regulated by this temporary monarch. Each guest received a chaplet of flowers of ivy, which was supposed to possess the property of counteracting, by their refreshing odors, the effects of the wines; and, after the recipients of these very necessary preventives of inebriety had bathed the hair of the head with odoriferous essences of different kinds, the chaplets were placed on their brows and remained there during the feast. It was usual to drink the health of the guests a little before dinner-time, when a large drinking-cup, more ornate than those of the guests, was brought to the master of the house, who filled it, handed it to each person in succession, to drink to the health of the individual most dear to him. If the health happened to be that of a sweetheart, it was not uncommon to display gallantry by drinking as many cups as there were letters in her name.

An Authentic Anecdote.

Talleyrand was once in the company of Madam de Stael and another eminent French lady whose name we do not remember.

'You say charming things to both of us,' said Madam de Stael to him; 'which of us do you like best?'

The wily statesman artfully replied that he was delighted with both.

'Ah, but you prefer one of us,' continued Madam de Stael; 'suppose we were both drowning in the Seine to-night, which of us would you help first?'

'I would extend my right hand to Madam de Stael and my left to Madam yonder.'

'Yes, but suppose only one of us co'd be saved, which would you attempt to rescue?

Talleyrand's diplomacy was pushed to its severest test, but not one whit decomposed, he turned to Madam de Stael, and replied, 'Madam, you who know so many things, doubtless know how to swim.'

DANGERS OF WEALTH.—Tho' wealth showers around us its blessings, it bears in its train a long list of attending evils. The moderately wealthy vies with the millionaire in useless extravagances; consequently, they who have only thousands at command are aspiring in like manner to outvie their more wealty neighbors, and become bankrupt. Nobility of mind is overlooked or ignored by the side of nobility of gold. One exclaims: 'I cannot spend my income!' and yet with miserly feelings hugs his money to his heart. Instead of sharing the large loaf which a kind Providence has committed to his care, with the needy, he lives on, burying the talent lent him in the earth, and, dying, leaves all to be squandered by his descendants.

Wanted—an astrologer who has cast his own horroscope and believes in it.

A Gentle Reproof.

Every good wife and every just husband will appreciate the following little sketch. It is such a vivid limning of life that thousands will see in it a reflection of something they have witnessed if not realized.

One day as Zachariah Hodson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a large fine codfish, and sent home, with directions for his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew, that whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came, but she resolved to please him, if possible, and therefore cooked portion of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed upon the table, and, with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

'Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. [Taking off the cover.] I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as leave eat a boiled frog.'

'Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried.'

'You didn't any such thing. You knew better. I never liked fried fish.—Why didn't you boil it?

'My dear, the last time that we had fresh fish, I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I boiled some also.'

So saying, she lifted the cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of the husband.

'A pretty dish, this!' exclaimed he Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it

'My dear,' said she, 'I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish.'

'Favorite dish, indeed!' grumbled the discomfited husband, 'I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it!'

This was a common expression of his, and he had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull frog of portentious dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length. Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the apparition.

'My dear,' said his wife in a kind, entreating tone, 'I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner.'

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and he was wrong, and declared that she should never have occasion to read him such another lesson, and he was as good as his word.

TRUE CULTURE.—He who aims high, must dread an easy home and popular manners. Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with ungainless odium, as the burr that protects the fruit. If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease and city drawing-rooms. Popularity is for dolls.—'Steep and craggy,' said Porphyry, 'is the path of the gods.'

'Culture is the suggestion from certain best thoughts that a man has a range of affinities, through which he can modulate the violence of any master-tones that have a droning preponderance in his scale, and succor him against himself. Culture redresses his balance, puts him among his equals and superiors, revives the delicious sense of sympathy, and warns him of the dangers of solitude and repulsion.'—Emerson.

Most persons are aware that recent discoveries have detected an error in the calculations of older astronomers. It has been shown that we are at least four millions of miles nearer to the sun than has been heretofore believed.—Bearing upon this is a statement which has been made to the effect that the supposed distance of the moon from the earth is also incorrect. From a laborious examination of lunar observations, made simultaneously at the Cape of Good Hope and various European observatories, Mr. Hugh Breen has found that we are really nearer the moon than has been computed. The difference between the two sets of figures shows us that our satellite is 26 miles nearer to us than previously imagined.

S. C. Knott and A. W. Shott fought a duel. The result was they changed their conditions. Knott was shot and Shott was not. It is better to be Shott than Knott.

Inspiring Anecdote.

We read in a foreign journal a review of the life and writings of Condorcet, who was one of the greatest men that France has produced. He was one of the revolutionists of 1793, but it was not more safe during the reign of terror to be even a revolutionist. One government was overthrown after another, and the friends of each demolished assembly were sent to the guillotine.

Condorcet was one of the proscribed revolutionists, and he lived at the house of Madam Venet. An act was passed by the Convention, proscribing death as the punishment of any man charged with political offences. On the passage of this act, Condorcet addressed Madam Venet as follows:

Madam, I am deeply sensible of your many kindnesses to me; and the more I esteem your goodness the more I am under the obligation of an honest man not to abuse it. The Convention has proscribed all who shall harbor a political offender, and should I be found in your house you will meet the fate that is denounced against me. I must leave your house.

To this, Madam Venet replied in language that stirs the blood of every true spirit.

'The Convention cannot put you out of the pale of humanity.'

Search the records of greatness and a nobler sentiment, more beautifully expressed, cannot be found.

How to Judge a Horse.

An exchange gives the following instructions, which we publish for the benefit of those who would know how to judge the age of a horse:

At about two years old the horse sheds the two middle teeth of the under jaw; at three years old he sheds two other teeth, one on each side of the two he shed the year before; at four he sheds the two remaining or corner teeth; at five the two middle teeth are full being no longer hollow, as the others are, and the teeth will have penetrated the gums; at six years old the four middle teeth are full, the corner ones only [illegible] at seven years old the corner teeth are full, the tusks larger and thicker, and the horse is said to be aged. Occasionally, however, these marks will slightly vary, a good deal depending on the animal's constitution, whether he be a late or early foal, also, upon the manner in which he has been reared, the kind of food, shelter, &c.

'Bob, that's a fine horse you have there, what's he worth?'

'Three hundred and fity dollars.'

'No, not so much as that?'

'Yes, every cent of it, and another fifty on top of that.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes, I'll swear to it.'

'All right.'

'What are you so darned inquisitive for?'

'Merely for assessing purposes. I am assessor for this ward, and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at.'

Conagio, the illustrious painter, is said to have been born and bred, and to have lived and died in extreme poverty. It is stated that he came to his death at the early age of forty, from the fatigue of carrying home a load of half-pence paid for one of his immortal works.

One asked Mr. Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy? 'Know him! he is a near relation of mine—he once proposed to marry my sister Kate.'

The man who is always buying, merely beauuse he can buy at low rates, had better commit suicide if he happens to find poison cheap.

In the condition of men, it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort, as, in the works of nature, the dog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mind concealed in the barren crags.

The greatest coward may avoid 'shaking in his boots' by wearing shoes or going barefooted.

A strange discovery, if true, has just been made at Pompeii. The *Italia* of Naples states that a fountain has been discovered there, covered with zinc. It is added that this is the first time that the said metal has been found at Pompeii.

When a man does all that he can, tho' it succeed not well, blame not him that did it.

"Vonce, a long vile ago, I vent into mine abble orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beaches to make mine vrow a blum budding mit; and ven I gets to de tobermost pranch, I valls from de lowermost limb, mit von leg on both zides of de vence, and likes to sthoves mine outzides in."

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft, facile plaster of the moment, hardense under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

Farm and Household.

Cultivation of Carrots.

A rich, sandy loam is *the* best soil for carrots, yet they will do very well on almost any soil. A stiff clay is however unsuitable, and wet land should be avoided. They will do well on any prairie soil that is well drained. Land not naturally rich should be well manured.

Sow the seed as early as your land can be put in good condition, and is sufficiently warm, but any time in April, or early in May, even, will do.

If you plant largely of them, you must have the rows at sufficient distance from each other to admit of cultivating with horse and cultivator. If only a small area, the rows may be nearer—say 18 inches apart. Sow a liberal amount of seed, and thin out so that the plants will stand from six to ten inches apart in the rows. Seed may be put in either by hand or seed drill—three to four pounds of seed per acre will be required.

Before seeding have your land, which should be as free from weeds as you can get, prepared in a most thorough manner. This will render the after culture more easy and insure a better crop. As soon as you can see the rows you must commence upon the weeds that have appeared. The hoe is the best implement for this purpose.

Pull the weeds from the rows by hand, and thin out as may be required in from two to three weeks after planting. Again in ten days, or so, cultivate, stirring the soil near the plants. Keep the weeds down the entire season. Carrots yield well and are a profitable crop to grow for feed. All kinds of stock are fond of them, and along with dry feed they are most excellent. From 300 to 600 bushels per acre are often raised.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Best Way to Rear Calves.

A writer in the Country Gentleman says:

Some claim that a good calf cannot be raised unless they draw the milk themselves from the cow; and others that they must certainly be fed new milk for two or three months. Suppose the calf takes one half of the milk of a good cow for ninety days, what would the calf cost at that age with butter at fifty cents per pound? Only the moderate little sum of $22,50. Rather a costly calf. But without any farther comment on the different modes of treatment, I will proceed to give my method, and in doing so, I shall have to go into detail somewhat.

In the first place, let the calf remain with the cow from two to three days; then put him away by himself, when the process of learning him to drink commences, and a little patience saves a great amount of trouble. The calf is usually tied with a rope, or put in stanchions, at feeding time, and in learning to drink by putting the hand on the nose and pressing the forefinger on the end near his mouth, he will reach out his tongue, get a taste of the milk, and learn very readily to drink from the pail. I sometimes feed new milk for a day or two, then let the milk stand twelve hours, take off the cream, warm the milk, and feed to the calf for a week or so; then let it stand twenty-four hours, being careful not to feed too much so as to loosen the bowels; and after the calf gets to be four to six weeks old it will eat almost any thing you give him.

I prefer to keep them up in a stable or small yard, until they are two or three months old, and give them what hay they will eat, as this treatment keeps the bowels more regular than to let them run to grass. I find a small quantity of oil cake meal a very good addition for a month or two at first. A little dry clay I think very good for them to lap occasionally when they are kept confined. One very essential point, in raising calves in this way, is to feed each calf by itself, so that each one shall have its regular mess, as some will drink a great deal faster than others.

To Prevent Smut in Wheat.

Annually, there are thousands, and probably millions of bushels of wheat uselessly and unnecessarily destroyed by the presence of smut. To prevent smut we have used, and have seen successfully tried, particularly in spring wheat, brine and lime in the preparation of the seed. Take a common wash tub and fill two-thirds full with a strong brine, then put in the wheat, and all the impure, defective, and smut-producing kernels will rise to the top. Skim these off and feed to the chickens or throw to the hogs. The pure wheat remaining at the bottom, place in a bag close by, and sprinkle over it a good quantity of lime, sufficiently to make the kernels all whitened with lime when dry; stir thoroughly. Do this and your chances for a clean crop of wheat are materially increased; in fact, have been insured in every case where we have known the experiment to be tried.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Nothing is so dangerous as to pretend to fall in love with a pretty woman—the reality is sure to follow.